THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1822.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

burgh, on the 15th of August, 1771, and is the eldest som of the late Walter Scott, Esq. an eminent Advocate, or Writer to the Signet, in that city. His mother was the daughter of the late David Rutherford, Esq. also a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, from whom she received a considerable fortune. This lady was endowed with the most amiable qualities, and possessed all the distinguishing traits of a great genius; she particularly cultivated a taste for poetry, as would appear from some specimens published after her death, which took place in the year 1789. To the excellent qualities and superior taste of the mother, we are, in all probability, indebted for the cultivation of similar, but far more distinguished, talents in the mind of the son.

Owing to the tenderness of his constitution, and the circumstance of his lameness, young Walter was, in a great measure, brought up at home, under the immediate care and superintendance of his excellent mother, for whom he uniformly evinced the strongest attachment, and whose subsequent loss he long and deeply lamented. In his early youth he displayed a considerable taste and genius in drawing landscapes from nature, but was neither remarkable for the liveliness of his disposition nor his aptitude for learning.

He was first placed at the Grammar-school of Musselburgh, where he made but little progress until his tenth year, when Dr. Paterson succeeded to the school. The following anecdote has been related of him at that time:—

The late celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, being then on a visit to Musselburgh, went, accompanied by some friends, and examined several of the boys; he paid particular attention to young Scott, which Dr. Paterson perceiving, and thinking it was the boy's stupidity that engaged the notice of Dr. Blair, he said to the latter, "Doctor, my predecessor told me that boy has the thickest skull in the school." "May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius." How fully has this prediction been verified!

At a proper age he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, at that time under the able direction of the late celebrated Dr. Alexander Adam, a man of great learning and worth, and author of many esteemed elementary works. In this school young Walter passed through all the classes with as much advantage to himself as satisfaction to his respective masters.

Having completed his classical studies at the High School, Walter was then removed to the University of Edinburgh, that great seminary of learning, where he completed his liberal education in a manner that reflected the highest honor on the different professors, thereby adding another name to that multitude of distinguished individuals whom the University of Edinburgh has from time to time ushered into the world.

Mr. Scott now embraced the profession of the law; he was articled in the usual way to a Writer of the Signet, and after serving the prescribed terms, he was admitted an Advocate of the Scottish Bar before he had yet attained the age of twenty-one. From this period until the year 1798, he continued studiously devoted to his profession. At the latter epoch he married Miss Carpenter, a young lady descended from a good family, of great beauty and accomplishments, and by whom he has four children.

Towards the close of the following year he was appointed Sheriff Depute of the County of Selkirk; and in March, 1806, bee vil

ne

ma

lan

ter

the

bor ing

able various the

not for we

án yez pri ma lad

angei

wh

ger a l n

t

d

n

e

n

8

ì

he was made one of the principal Clerks of the Session in Scotland. There was a peculiar circumstance attending the latter appointment which is not undeserving of notice, and this was, that his warrant, although drawn up, had not yet passed the seals, when the death of Mr. Pitt caused an entire change in the Ministry; and the appointment of Mr. Scott having been procured through the friendship of the late Lord Melville, who was actually under impeachment, it was naturally considered void. However, to the honor of the new Cabinet, no objection arose to the nomination; thus, as was remarked by a wit at the time, this appointment was "the last lay of the Ministry."

Being now relieved from the drudgery of professional labor by the acquisition of two lucrative situations, and having about this period succeeded to the possession of a valuable estate on the death of his father, Mr. Scott was enabled to cultivate his taste for poetry, and to indulge in a variety of literary pursuits. His first publications, however, consisted of translations from the German, at a time when the wildest productions of that country became so popular in England.

The same year Mr. Scott produced two German ballads adapted to the English taste, entitled, "The Chace," and "William and Helen." These little pieces, however, were not originally intended for the press, but merely composed for his own amusement; nevertheless, a friend to whom they were shewn prevailed upon him to allow them to be printed, and at the same time contributed a preface to them. Three years elapsed ere Mr. Scott again ventured to appear in print, when he produced another translation from the German of Goëthe; and shortly afterwards he composed two ballads, entitled, "The Eve of St. John," and "Glenfinlass," which he presented to the late Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq. and which enrich "The Tales of Wonder," published by that gentleman.

In the year 1802, Mr. Scott published his first great work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which attracted general attention. Soon afterwards followed Sir Tristrem; a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Thomas of Ercildoun." In 1805 he gave to the world his "Lay of

the Last Minstrel," one of the most beautiful poems in any language, and which of itself was sufficient to hand him down to immortality.

The following year Mr Scott published a collection of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," and in 1808 appeared his "Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field," which the author has himself characterised as "containing the best and worst poctry that he has ever written." In the same year Mr. Scott favored the world with a complete edition of the works of Dryden, in which he prefixed a new life of that great writer, and interspersed many curious and most extensive notes. While these volumes were proceeding through the press, he also found time to bring out a quarto volume of "Descriptions and Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The rapidity of his pen was now beyond all example in the annals of genius. Within a few months he undertook the editing of a new edition of "Lord Somers's Collection of Historical Tracts," and at the same time "Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers," and "Anna Seward's Poetical Works." While in the same year in which these last publications appeared, another original poem, "The Lady of the Lake," was ushered into the world; a poem which raised the fame of its author to the highest pitch, and which is generally considered as his masterpiece.

In 1811 appeared "The Vision of Don Roderick," written to assist the subscription for the Portuguese; this was followed in 1813 by "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles," in 1814; together with "The Border Antiquities of England," and a new edition of Swift's Works, with a Biographical Memoir and annotations. At a subsequent period, he has given two works to the public on the same subject, one in prose and the other in verse; the first entitled, "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and the other "The Battle of Waterloo."

"The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," originally published anonymously, have also been since acknowledged by him, and printed uniformly with his other poems.

Such is the ascertained list of the numerous productions of Sir Walter Scott, exhibiting abundant testimony of orion rap opi

he

ge

of

in

ma to the

wh from Ed ord the

sell

7

net

ship H. tale

if so

main Chu to d

sequ

ginal genius, extensive powers of mind, and the most unwearied industry. But even this catalogue, rich and large as it is, must receive yet farther additions of great value, if the general report be correct that he is the author of a series of national romances, whose popularity is without a parallel in the annals of history.

When "Waverley" first appeared, there was but one opinion on the subject of it author; and each succeeding novel, in a rapid course of publication, has served only to confirm that opinion. Yet, strange to say, he alone who can decide the question, maintains a determined silence; nay, we have even been credibly informed, that he rejects the merit of having written any part of these interesting tales. Here then the matter must rest; for, however strongly we may be inclined to think with the public in this instance, we cannot conceive the motive for denying that which would be so highly honor-to acknowledge*.

The great Scottish novelist has, it is confidently stated, netted one hundred thousand pounds by his productions, which immense sum he has received within the last five years from his publishers, Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. of Edinburgh. This circumstance is, perhaps, the most extraordinary example that could be adduced in illustration of the patronage of the public, and the liberality of the booksellers to authors of the nineteenth century.

The distinguished rank which Sir Walter Scott holds in the literary world at the present day must ensure him a conspicuous place in the Temple of Fame; and the Laureatship, which was offered him on the decease of the late H. J. Pye, Esq. proved not only the high estimation of his talents as a poet, but his feelings as a man, as he voluntarily resigned the office to his friend, Mr. Southey, whose works, if not less publicly successful, had certainly never proved so productive. To his numerous other honors has been re-

^{*} It is a singular fact, that the manuscript of "Waverley," remained for three weeks in the possession of a bookseller in St. Paui's Church-yard. It was left with him by a young gentleman who wished to dispose of it; but the bookseller having been previously unsuccessful in that branch of literature, declined the proposal, and consequently returned the manuscript!

cently added that of the Presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; nor will it hereafter be thought a mark of small value, or of slight distinction, that the *first* Baronet created by George IV. was Sir Walter Scott*.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

A RICH abbey having become vacant, two priests made application to William Rufus, then King of England, for the investiture, and began to bid against each other, under the idea of obtaining it by the weight of their purses; but the king seeing a monk standing at a distance, called him, and asked him what he would give for the vacant abbey? The monk replied, that he had nothing to give; and if he had, his conscience would not allow him to be guilty of so flagrant a simony. William, pleased with his honesty and admiring his answer, immediately swore by St. Luke's face, his usual oath, that he was the most honest of the three, and should have it for nothing.

On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott of Thirlstone, his father having no means of bringing up his children, put this Walter to attend cattle in the field; "But," says he, "I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn; and ever since that time, I have continued a souldier abroad at home." He left a poem written at the age of seventy-three, dedicated to two gentlemen of the name of Scott, which he thus concludes:—

[•] It is not generally known that there was a poet of the name of Walter Scott before the present celebrated bard. He lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and describes himself as—

[&]quot;An auld souldier and no scholler; And one that can write none But just the letters of his name."

[&]quot;Begone, my book, stretch forth thy wings and fly
Amongst the nobles and gentility;
Thou'rt not to sell to scavengers and clowns,
But given to worthy persons of renown.
The number's few I've printed, in regard
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;
I caus'd not print many above twelve score,
And the printers are engaged that they shall print no more."

ON DOMESTIC FEUDS.

ı

C

e

d

C

al

d

nt

I no not know whether the ills and exigences so peculiar to young persons on their earliest commencements in life arise so frequently from the novelties and temptations they encounter, as from the first impressions gathered through irregularities at home. There are many probable and unavoidable sorrows to which we are all equally liable; but none serve more to unnerve the mind than those of our own making, of these none can be more voluntary, and at the same time more deplorable, than family quarrels.

It is not my intention to disannul those exchanges of sentiments and necessary admonishments, which, indeed, tend rather to the assistance and good management of domestic economy than the reverse; but the sad contentions which the trifling incident of an awkward bow, an extra bottle, a glass coach, or a morning call, might occasion, are to be resolutely condemned, and ought never to furnish irritating discussions for married ladies at bed-time; a curtain lecture is all very well, but their beautiful eyes should be then closing.

Could we prognosticate the evils which follow in succession, we would never plunge amid those outrages which destroy all the pleasures of the fireside. Whence is it that mutual insincerity, treachery, and injustice, are predominant? From whence are derived the falsehoods, invectives, and vicious fabrications of a whole neighborhood? And from whence, I would ask, arise one half the painful recollections and pangs of a death-bed conscience, but from the past indulgence of our envy and virulent contests with each other? I cannot number all, but every one ought to discern the many severe afflictions that result from household brawls—and though they are frequently the offspring of our tenderest affections, it is always a virtue to avoid them.

As a short analysis of the causes which produce these sad sequels, I cannot but expose; beside many other extravagances, the inconsistency and cruelty of family partiality too often manifest between parents and children. A kindred resemblance, an arch prattle, a diversity of temper, or any capricious prejudice, may effect this error, and though the con-

sequences are seldom premeditated, or even considered, they are still of most material and frightful tendency. A mother's love is dearly purchased, if her favorite pay the price of the jealousy and hatred of others, which is generally the case. Sisterly and fraternal bosoms soon cease then to harbour social intercourse, and mutual respect is banished; and, no longer subordinate to paternal sway, the little community becomes a warring and uneasy republic. Nor are we to impute all blame to the elders only; the despicable attempt in the younger to supplant each other in the minds of those whose estimation and redress they ought to merit equally, is as sinful as it is common, and never fails to produce the like conclusions.

Another, and, if possible, a more serious cause of family dissention is that reprehensible gallantry, to use its softest epithet, wherein the sanctity of the marriage vow is violated; and yet how often do we sink into these guilty dissipations! Of what avail are the delusions of a smooth countenance, or the revelry of a varnished tongue, contrasted with the more calm remembrances of an unblemished soul? Why, indeed, should beauty, gaiety, or fashionable frivolity, ever prove a pretext for the miseries that inevitably succeed,miseries, which though they light heavily on our own consciences, reflect far weightier stigmas on those we leave behind; the contagion will spread when its author is no longer extant, and the foibles of our ancestors will provoke a blush which all the tears of innocence can never totally efface. It should be remembered, that God affords no sanctuary for adultery, and however great the exultations or false pleasures it produces, a short survey of the closet will convince every sensualist how little he is indebted to those frail individuals, whose feelings are as depraved as his own.

Many other things might be enumerated as exciting these rude commotions, which though of no intrinsic calamity at the moment, are ever liable to similar ends. Nor are those whose grudges exist no farther than between the acquaintances of the day, exempt from the censure of this paper; I am confident one half their squabbles are generated of misjudged honor, false delicacy, or the enthusiasm of polemical discourses.

We are now at the season when the eye is no longer re-

for but flec ing WO trit tha the He the pas per we ani pas and me

the

and

fre

of

shi

bea adi tho per by fire wa of

of me the

bu

fate

freshed with the cheerful prospects of nature; the sallow leaf of November is crumbled away, and the pale gleam of sunshine that throws its cold light upon the dreary scene before us, is at intervals observed by clouds from the north; but the imagination is chequered by a thousand bright reflections which at this period are usual. It was on a morning like the present, that peace was once sung to all the world; when truth and innocence, in the person of the Deity, triumphed over the incongruities and passions of mankindthat tyranny and oppression were for awhile suspended, and the gloo m which had so long darkened the bosoms of the Heathen became on a sudden irradiated. In no nobler manner then can we celebrate this day, than by forgiving the trespasses of each other, and eradicating from the mind those pernicious instruments which exclude its harmony. And as we all hope to greet the joys of another year, let our several animosities be buried with the one that will soon indeed be past for ever; and reciprocally delighted among ourselves, and glowing inwardly with those warm and tender endearments which flow from domestic happiness, let us shew in the most acceptable manner our gratitude for past mercies, and our worthiness of future ones.

Christmas-day, 1821.

J. S. D.

RACINE.

At an early age, Racine was deeply enamoured of the beauties of the ancient classic anthors. He was so great an admirer of Sophocles and Euripides, that it is said, he learned those two great authors by heart. As he was attentively perusing the Greek romance of Heliodorus, he was surprised by the director, who seized the book and threw it into the fire. He, however, found means to procure another copy, but was not equally fortunate in preserving it from the knowledge of the director—he had the mortification to see it follow the fate of its predesessor. A third time he possessed himself of the coveted treasure, and having committed it entirely to memory, he went to the director, and presenting him with the volume, said, "You may now, sir, burn this as you have burned the former two."

CROYLAND ABBEY;

A TALE, BY THE AUTHOR OF " MARRIAGE."

(Continued from page 69.)

Its glories are no more. The scythe of Time And sterner hand of man, has wrought its fall, And Iaid its honors in the dust.

EARLY in the morning, the whole of the retainers and soldiery who were assembled in the castle, entreated permission to behold the heir. This request awakened again the smothered anguish of its sorrowing parent; but without hesitation she complied with it, although it was not without a feeling of dread, lest her darling should not be restored to her, that she saw it borne from her apartment. No sooner had the nurse made her appearance, than with one voice, the assembled crowd invoked, "Long life to the heir of Penwald," a shout, which was instantly followed by, "Destruction to the murderer of his father!" "He himself shall swear an oath in which we all will join!" exclaimed one of the chief captains of the band; "on the corpse of his father he shall vow that revenge which is due to the perpetrator of so foul a deed!" He led the way to the hall, and approaching the bier, he knelt down on one knee, and taking the hand of the babe, which he laid on the clay-cold breast of the departed chief, he crossed his sword upon it, and with a deep voice said, "Here, in the name of this child, the son of Penwald, I swear eternal vengeance on the murderer of his father; I swear to pursue him thoughout every land, and to devote him to destruction whenever he may be discovered, blow for blow, death for death, on pain of my own everlasting-" "Hold!" cried the Abbot, who had just entered the hall as the last words hung on the lips of Brithmer, " nor thus prophane, with these unholy accents of wrath, the place which death has consecrated. In the name of Him," continued he, raising the cross, which lay at the foot of the bier, "who taught the lesson of forgiveness to sinful man, I adjure your oath. The eye that beheld the bloody deed alone shall demand atonement for the crime; and His righCar ber the

teo

of that that eag bab

ture the par

is

sha

der tion white "S reg

tut

beg

he its hop by sha

his

to

du mo for if

ad wi cre wh

ter

teous hand will doubtless inflict a punishment severer than all thy impotent fury could effect. Let vengeance then sleep. Can revenge recall the departed soul, or gratify the slumbering dead? Can it dry the tears of the widow, or sustain the feeble orphan? Behold already the end of war, the fruit of feuds! He rests upon his bloody bier who but yesterday was as the lion roused to the chase, whose feet was fleeter than the mountain roe's, and whose eye was keener than the eagle's of the rock. Sweet babe!" faltered he, taking the babe from the still kneeling Brithmer, who continued to gaze upon him with stedfast earnestness, but on whose stern features the expression of intense feeling yet rested, "thou art the heir of many sorrows! why should'st thou be made the partaker of a passion which must poison all thy days! Short is the passage from the cradle to the tomb, but many and sharp are the ills that lie within that path. Is it then prudent to increase the bitterness of our lot by the introduction of evils of our own creating, and to point the stings which have already been prepared for us?" He paused. "Sad impotence of man!" again he resumed, alternately regarding the infant and its father, "here, helpless, destitute, a prey to every want, these feeble cries proclaim the beginning of life; there, stretched upon the couch from which he shall never rise, that silence so awful and deep denotes its termination. Here is the sweet blossom, the cherished hope of many a year-there is the full-blown flower, cut off by the untimely blast, withered and destroyed. Where then shall the creature of a day find space for the indulgence of his passions, or how shall he presume to devote future years to the pursuit of revenge, who is himself the poor dependant on an hour? Learn better thoughts. Life must soon conduct to death, but the darkness of death is the light of immortality. Let us therefore profit by the scene before us, for in vain is the hand of Heaven stretched forth to teach if mortals will not read, and with purified thoughts let us address ourselves to Him who has thought fit to visit us with this affliction, that our present impatience may not increase his wrath." Awed by his manner, all obeyed, and while in a deep and solemn voice the Abbot prayed aloud, many a tear trickled down the sunburnt cheeks of the veterans of Penwald. The noble chief was borne to the grave

by his weeping retainers, and buried with every honor in the monastery. Slowly the afflicted Tetha recovered from her confinement; but daily her infant became more engaging, and the hand of time, though it did not remove, it softened the wounds of her heart.

11

al

p

11

T

I

ac

av

of

co

th

co

an

su

fel

vie

rot

by

sti

lov

int

the

pre

ste

wit

nai

em

wh

die

an

inte

his

pai

the

dis

app

Egbert, the only brother of Penwald, had been appointed guardian of the infant, and under his judicious arrangements, peace was concluded between the contending parties. Security being restored, Tetha continued to reside in the castle, where, in a solitude which was never broken but by the pious Abbot, she passed her days, engrossed solely in the care of her child. The employment was a sweet, but oftentimes a sad one. Won by its engaging tenderness, she would occasionally forget her loss, till recalled to its recollection by the very thrill of happiness which filled her bosom, the tear of bitterest regret would involuntarily start, and she would press her only remaining treasure still more closely to her breast. Her joys were great, but she felt they were solitary. As she watched the developement of the faculties of her darling, as she listened to his soft accents, or regarded with tender and anxious eye his gambols as he sported at her feet, or aided his essays to cross the spacious hall, the thought of the delight which he would have felt who now mouldered in his untimely grave, could he, with her, have beheld the progress of their babe, would wring her heart with anguish, and convert the mournful smile into which she had been beguiled into an expression of sorrow "which passseth shew." Fondly, however, she looked forward to the future, and her imagination dwelt incessantly on the idea of the distinction that awaited her child.

The prospect of devoting him to a monastic life was by no means unpleasant to Egbert, who being a man of considerable ambition, regarded the vast accession of wealth and power which would in such case accrue to himself, as no trivial consideration, and he accordingly professed to coincide with Tetha in all her views on the subject; while the good Abbot himself declared his firm belief that the awful phenomenon which had preceded his lbirth, was a manifestation of the will of Heaven to the same effect.

Thus seeluded from all society, the infant Guthlac had

reached his third year, when one evening, as his mother and the Abbot sat by the blazing fire in the hall, engaged in the usual subject of their conversation, the future virtues and fame of the child, whilst he unconsciously pursued his play at a little distance, a servant entered and told his lady that a messenger from Egbert wished to speak with her. Tetha desired that he might be brought into her presence. Immediately the heavy tread of a warrior was heard; he advanced towards her, and having delivered a packet, stood awaiting her commands. Alarmed at the instant by the entrance of a stranger, and of such a one as he had never before in recollection seen, Guthlac ran to the Abbot for protection, for the formidable figure remained so near his mother that he could not seek her's. The good man took him on his knee, and pressed him tenderly to him, as he hid his face in his ample garments. After some minutes, however, he summoned sufficient courage to look up; the full light of the bright fire fell upon the polished armour of the soldier. Guthlac now viewed him attentively. One hand was still entwined closely round the Abbot's neck while the other held fast by his rosary; by degrees his hold insensibly loosened; his eyes burnt with still greater brightness, and a more vivid glow overspread his lovely cheek. At length he slid from the Abbot's knee, who intent upon the messenger's answers was scarcely aware of the circumstance-here, however, he remained, still afraid to proceed, till once more regaining courage, he made a bold step, and advancing to the stranger, he stroked his armour with an expression of admiration depicted in his countenance, which it was impossible to mistake. Still further emboldened, he now gently attempted to take the sword which hung by his side; pleased with his manner, the soldier yielded to the motion, and gave it to him; when with an exclamation of delight, he immediately converted his prize into a steed, and with fresh alacrity pursued his play.

Every movement in this little scene had been noticed by his attentive mother, and had communicated a sensation of pain, which she felt it difficult to repress. No sooner had the messenger withdrawn, than she exclaimed, in a tone of distress, "Oh, father! am I then doomed to a second disappointment of all my hopes? How have I incurred the chas-

tisement?" The Abbot demanded an explanation of her words; which, with considerable agitation, she gave. "Saw you not then," added she, as she finished her narration, "his admiration and delight? Could you, indeed, overlook what was passing in his artless but expressive countenance? Ah! my foreboding heart! can it be possible that I am deceived, and that my Guthlac will follow the dreadful profession of arms." She caught the wondering infant to her breast, and burying her face in his luxuriant curls, wept bitterly.

"Daughter!" said the Abbot, "restrain your emotions; your imagination has suggested fears for which there is no rational foundation. Twas only the natural admiration of a child, excited by the novelty of the appearance, and will be forgotten as easily as it was raised."

the

be

Th

off

m

Hy

its

wi

en

nu

8 8

flee

dia

for

gei

mi

live

que

to

of

wh

ver

dis

exc

sin

the

gra

Hy

"May it prove so!" sighed Tetha: "perhaps I should not have noticed the incident so much had he not quitted your protection voluntarily to go to another. You may think me weak, but when I saw him withdraw his arms from you and so rapturously regard the stranger, my heart died within me."

"The intensity of your anxiety leads you to make false interpretations," returned the Abbot. "It is not, however, consistent with your duty thus to harrass yourself with fears and anticipations of evil. Your child is in the hands of Him who disposes all things, and he will doubtless accomplish his own views as he himself sees fit. It is not in the power of man either to alter or to evade His decrees; and it is, therefore, his duty to resign every wish to His direction, and to commit all to His goodness. Neither can any one pierce the veil of futurity if he would; nor is it desirable that he should; under that mysterious cover there may be concealed joys, which would lose their relish by the certainty of possession, and sorrows which would obtain double severity by continued contemplation: he, however, who barters present enjoyment for anticipated evil, renders himself a bankrupt in hope, and forfeits all claim to commiseration." Tetha was checked, and though far from satisfied, she confined her fears henceforth to her own bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE EPHEMERA ON THE RIVER HYPANIS:

AN ADDRESS OF ONE OF THEM WHEN DYING, TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF EVENING, WITH HIS LAST ADVICE TO HIS DESCENDANTS AND FRIENDS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ARISTOTLE affirms, that on the Hypanis, a river in Scythia, there are insects whose existence commences with the first beams of the morning sun, and closes with its setting rays. Those that die by eight o'clock in the morning are carried off prematurely; others that die at five o'clock in the evening terminate their life in extreme old age.

Let us suppose one of the strongest and stoutest of these Hyspanians, according to their chronology, coeval with time itself; his existence having commenced at day-break, he will, by an extraordinary strength of constitution, have been enabled to maintain an active life throughout an infinite number of seconds of ten or twelve hours. During so long a series of instants, by experience, and by the maturest reflection on every thing which has passed under his immediate observation, he will have acquired more important information and attained a higher degree of wisdom than the generality of his species. His fellow insects who died at mid-day are contemplated by him as creatures happily delivered from the numberless diseases and infirmities consequent to old age. He may relate to his grandchildren facts, to them almost incredible, and anterior to the recollection of the whole nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who have already lived one hour, approach with respect this venerable insect, and listen with admiration to his instructive discourse. Every thing which he relates appears almost to exceed belief to this short-lived generation; the space of a single day to them seems the entire duration of time, and the morning's dawn is considered in their chronology as the grand era of creation.

Now let us imagine this venerable insect, this Nestor of the Hypanis, a little before his death, and about the hour of the setting sun, assembling all his friends and acquaintances for the purpose of imparting to them his dying counsels. They repair from all parts under the vast shelter of a mush-room, when the learned and dying insect addresses them in the following manner:—

m

ta

m

pl

jo

en

1

of

fo

po

ple

to

an

de

co

sa

vi

ar

sic

co

qu

gr

un

bra

WO

tai

"Friends, and fellow-countrymen! I feel that the longest life must terminate; the extent of mine is arrived; but I do not regret my fate, since my extreme age has rendered life burthensome; and for me, 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The revolutions and calamities which have desolated my country, the numerous accidents to which we are all individually subject, the infirmities which afflict our species and the misfortunes which have occurred to me in my own family, all that I have myself witnessed during the course of a long life, but too well teach me this great truth—Happiness centered in things over which we have no control, can neither be certain nor durable.

"A whole generation have perished by a piercing wind; a multitude of imprudent youth have been swept into the river by a fresh and unexpected breeze! What terrible inundations have I witnessed from a sudden rain! even our most solid shelters are not proof against a storm of hail; and a dark cloud can make the most courageous hearts tremble! I have lived in the primitive ages, and conversed with insects of larger growth, stronger constitution, and I may add, of greater wisdom, than any of the present generation.

"I entreat you to credit my last words, when I assure you, that that orb which now appears to us on the other side of the water, and which apparently is not far distant from the earth, I have formerly seen in the midst of the heavens, darting its rays immediately over us. The earth was more enlightened, the air warmer, and our ancestors more sober and more virtuous.

"Although my senses appear enfeebled, my memory is not weakened; and I do assure you, that that glorious planet has motion. I beheld its first rising on the summit of yonder mountain; my life commenced about the beginning of its immense career. That star has during many ages advanced in the firmament with a prodigious heat, and a brilliancy of which you can form no conception, and which undoubtedly you could not have supposed; but now, by its decline, and an evident diminition of its vigor, I foresee that

all nature will shortly become extinct, and this world be enveloped in total darkness in less than one hundred minutes. Alas! my dear friends, how often have I flattered myself with the delusive hope of being a constant inhabitant of this globe! What magnificence in the cells which my own industry has excavated! What confidence have I placed in the firmness of my limbs, the flexibility of my joints, and the strength of my wings! But I have lived long enough for nature and for glory, nor will one of those whom I leave behind me, enjoy the same gratification in that age of darkness and decay, the commencement of which I have foreseen."

To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DEAR SIR,

I AM induced to break through the decorum usually imposed upon our sex, in addressing thus a gentleman who is a perfect stranger to me, and to whom I have not the pleasure of being known; but, dear sir, if we were always to stand upon ceremony and punctilio, how would acquaintances commence and intimacies be formed? Besides accident frequently gives rise to friendships and familiar intercourse, which often prove more lasting than the ties of consanguinity. But whom can I address for counsel and advice but a professed friend and admirer of the fair? If you are young, I am sure you are good-natured and compassionate; if otherwise, advanced in life, you are, at all events (as it is evident by your publication, of which I am a constant reader) a gentleman, a man of erudition, and consequently polite, and therefore will pay some attention to the grievance I, among many other unhappy females, labor under. to confirm the contract and all the confirmations and the confirmation of the confirma

Pray, my good and worthy sir, what is the reason why ladies who remain unmarried after a certain age, are usually branded with the opprobrious epithet of "old maid?"—a word that sounds in our ears like a funeral knell, and contains all the horrors of celibacy, and is set up as a mark

for obloquy and the ridicule of the youthful part of our own sex, and the contempt and detestation of all ages and descriptions of the masculine gender.

Of this I am certain, there is not one in fifty of persons of our description, who would remain single, if it could be decently avoided. But would you have us solicit the men? Oh, barbarous! I assure you, sir, on my solemn word of veracity, I have been endeavoring for these fifteen years past to conceal the ravages of time: I have dressed in the gayest and most fashionable manner for the sake of appearing youthful, strong, and hearty; have appeared in a slight muslin robe and single petticoat on a cold frosty day, when I could very well have borne to be wrapped up in furs and flannels. I have walked briskly and smartly forward, when I thought I was noticed by the men, notwithstanding two prodigious corns on my feet, and though I panted for breath and kept wheezing for an hour after I came home. The moment I perceived my hair to turn, out came every grey lock, and I will venture to say, I am now in possession of as beautiful auburn tresses as any girl of fifteen. Gowland's lotion, milk of roses, Olympian dew, and the bloom of Ninon, have not escaped me; but still this vile epithet follows me, and sticks like a burr. Really it is very provoking, and enough to sour the most patient and placid temper, to be so stigmatized and neglected by the barbarous and unfeeling sex, after the many years of anxious solicitude to appear youthful, sprightly, witty, and agreeable, in their eyes; but all to no purpose. 'Twas but yesterday I was insulted so by rude sneers and vulgar jests, you can't imagine. Walking on briskly through Oxford-street, I was followed by two gentlemen who kept praising my shape, (to confess the truth, I am perfectly straight and well-made) pleased, I own, with the truth so seldom told me, and which sounded so agreeably to my ears, in my burry, or flurry, I made a false step and had fallen, but for one of the gentlemen, who caught my arm, saying, "I hope, my dear angel, you are not hurt?" Turning with a smile to thank him, he cried out, "Oh, the devil! an old woman, as I live; ha! hat" and away he and the other ran laughing. To complete my misfortane, a brute of a butcher's man, with a tray of meat on his shoulder, as he passed, cried out, "My eyes!

m

th

is

ol

p

sp

ev

80

of

er

in

there goes an old ewe dressed lamb fashion." In short, my dear sir, daily and hourly I endure such mortifications. Pray, sir, stand up for us and argue with these ruffians, for I can call them no better, and tell them, that I forswear their vile sex in future; though I will own, I had recently made up my mind to accept any young gentleman of good connexions and personable figure, with a small independence, if not more than twenty-six. Pray, sir, inform me further, and advise the truly-forsaken and destitute,

REBECCA SINGLETON.

P.S. I think, sir, if we were to be called in future single women, single gentlewomen, or single ladies, it would be a much more pleasing title than that odious nickname of "old maid"—I hate the very sound. This moment I met with another insult. "Madam," said a gentleman, "by your dress I took you for Miss May; but now I look in your face, I think your name is Frost." "No, sir," cried I, "my name is Singleton." "Shrivelton, did you say? I thought so—an old maid, I perceive;—good morning, madam." Grant me patience! Pray, dear sir, supply me with that necessary commodity, and a little breath, for I declare mine is quite exhausted.

LETTERS.

sinck in that enamed by the torus

When the Americans first perceived the intercourse the Spaniards kept up with each other at immense distances, by means of little bits of white paper, they imagined some spirit to be concealed within them, who communicated whatever was going on. An Indian boy being sent with a present of figs to a Spanish Captain, eat part of them by the way. Upon the Captain reading the letter which accompanied them, he discovered the deficiency, to the astonishment of the poor boy; who the next time he was sent on a like errand, determined to outwit the spirit, and prevent his telling tales; he, therefore, cunningly placed the letter under a stone while he indulged his appetite with the coveted luxury.

and the plants, and I will buy you some," I "You indies," in a colour," but Peter must first out his pencil, and when

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. XV.

"Delay not till to-morrow what can be done to-day,"

ir

re

to

ci

50

lis

ve

A

th

an Ti

ne

pr

fer E

tin

re

dr

sh

the

Is an old adage, the non-observance of which occasions most of the inconveniences, we may, perhaps, say evils, of life. Want of inclination, more than want of opportunity, oauses us to delay from time to time innumerable little arrangements, which, if attended to in due season, would materially conduce to our present accommodation and future comfort, while through idleness, inattention, or the intervention of some (at the time) more agreeable occupation, we suffer the proper moment of action to escape us, and often find cause subsequently to regret that we have done so, as a more convenient or suitable one does not readily occur. As a notable example of the truth of this assertion, I need only give a brief sketch of the life of my old acquaintance, Peter Procrastinate, a man, who but for one unlucky propensity, might at this time have been in possession of an ample fortune, but who is now literally living, or rather starving, upon his wits, for his stock in that commodity is too scanty to furnish him with more than one good dinner in the week, which, without ostentation I may say, he gets at my house, for I know him too well to notice his-" Let me see, I think I have an engagement to-day; I will come to-morrow;" but seizing him by the arm, cry, "Now or never," and with well-meaning violence force him home with me. While a mere infant, Peter was remarkable for his tardiness; when desired by his parents to do any thing, he always excused himself by saying, "I will do it presently"-"Let me finish this game of marbles, and I will come." "Peter, pick up your humming-top." "I will, father, when I have done looking at these pictures." In the mean time enters a clumsy maid-servant, who puts her heavy foot upon it, and his admired top is crushed to pieces." "Peter, call in that man with the plums, and I will buy you some." "Yes, father, in a minute," but Peter must first cut his pencil, and when

he gets to the street-door, the man with the fruit is gone. This, and similar other vexatious occurrences wrought no change in Peter; his old habit stuck to him through life. When he was apprenticed to a business, and received an order, he would defer entering it in the book till he had finished tying up the parcel he had in hand; before this was done, a new customer would come in, and the former order totally escape his memory, and a severe reprimand from his master be the consequence. He would also frequently delay the answering of letters until his correspondents thinking their's had misearried, put him to the double expense by writing again. At eighteen, Peter took a fancy to a very pretty girl, the daughter of an opulent trader, and was well received. Unfortunately, however, he always contrived to let the hour of appointment pass by when she expected him to accompany her in a walk, or to the play, and she fancied his neglect originated in want of regard for her. These accusations he managed to clear himself from by the most humble apologies and plausable excuses; but he transgressed so repeatedly, that the lady at length lost all patience, and listened to the addresses of a more punctual admirer. Warned by this unlooked-for termination to a courtship in which his heart and his interest were alike concerned, he made some very excellent resolutions, to which he adhered about a week. An opportunity of forming an advantageous connection in the way of business offered, when Peter was about fiveand-twenty, which he was extremely anxious to embrace. The person who had made overtures for taking him into partnership, knew him only by report as a young man of strict probity and superior abilities; the parties had met at different times, and were mutually pleased with each other, Every thing went on satisfactorily, the agreement was drawn up, and the time fixed for signing. Peter had not at that time a very large stock of linen, and wishing to make as respectable an appearance as possible, he desired his laundress to send his shirts home a day sooner than usual, which she promised, upon condition, that he would let her have them that evening. Peter was detained late at the shop, and when he came home, took up a newspaper. laundress wants your linen, sir," was the civil hint given by the maid-servant, "Aye, true-no matter, I am busy now;

tl

th

88

CL

he

di

da

th

dı

ne

80 C0

to

in

W

go

ne lea

ar

wi

fir

the morning will do as well, I dare say." In the night there happened to be a fire in the neighbourhood, Peter was active in lending his assistance, and in the morning forgot all about his linen. When it came into his head, he hastened home, and packed it up, but the servant forgot to take it to the laundress for three hours after. The poor woman had taken cold the night preceding, and was too ill to work, but promised she would wash him a shirt and cravat the next morning if she could; and Peter knew nothing of the delay till the time came for him to meet his future partner, which was ten o'clock. No linen came from the laundress, and what he had on was too dirty to appear in at the place of rendezvous. Peter raved and swore; the woman when sent to laid all the fault on him for not sending it to her sooner, and the hour of appointment passed while he was execrating the laundress, the maid-servant, and himself. At length he resolved to send to a ready-made linen shop, which he accordingly did; but the shirts they sent him were too small, and he tore the first to pieces in trying to get it on. He sent for another; it came, and, having equipped himself and sallied forth, being now considerably later than the hour specified, he called a hackney-coach, with a view to make more haste; but the coach was obstructed by a mudcart, the mud-cart by a fire-engine, and the fire-engine by the smoking ruins of the house which had been burnt the night before: to proceed was impossible, and a circuitous route was necessarily taken. When out of breath with anger and impatience Peter arrived at the -- Coffee-house, the disagreeable tidings awaited him that the gentlemen of the long-robe in attendance, having waited two hours and a half, were gone. Poor Peter was woefully disappointed; but he consoled himself with his favorite remark, that perhaps "to-morrow would do as well." To-morrow, however, only brought him the following letter:-

SIR,

The trifling inconvenience which you occasioned me personally, by not keeping your appointment, I could readily excuse, as such accidental failures are not always to be guarded against; but I am sorry to add, that having by chance heard an expression drop from a person who knows you well, that

"it was just like you—never ready when you were wanted," I must beg to say, that a person of such a turn can never be admitted by me as a partner into a concern which requires the utmost regularity and attention. Want of punctuality is inexcusable in a gentleman, in a tradesman or merchant; it is almost always the cause of disorder, discredit, and ruin. You will, therefore, excuse my saying plainly that all negociation between us is at an end.

I remain, Sir,
Your well-wisher and humble servant,
PAUL POSITIVE.

The disappointment was great to my poor friend, who had thus lost an opportunity of establishing himself in a most satisfactory manner. Peter, however, was not of a disposition to waste life in useless repinings, he applied himself sedulously to business, and there is no doubt of his having done his best to get forward in the world; but his silly habits of letting the present slip through his fingers, while calculating on future profits, occasioned him to experience many heavy drawbacks, and at forty, though he had slaved like a dray-horse, he was a poor man. Fortune at length seemed inclined to give him a lift. A rich old uncle was taken dangerously ill, and Peter was summoned to attend him, though, by the old man's particular desire, no hint was dropped of his being mentioned in the will. Peter, though not of a mercenary disposition, could not but suspect that something was agitated in his favor, as he had not any communication with his uncle, and determined at all events to obey the mandate, and he set off immediately with the intention of taking his place in the stage-coach, which was to leave town for B--- on the following morning. On his way, he met with an acquaintance who was going to the play, and who pressed him to accompany him, Peter expressed the utmost willingness, but mentioned the necessity he was under of taking his place. "Then I must leave you, my dear fellow," said his friend, " for the doors are opened, and it will be such a crowded house that there will be no chance of our getting in if we go to Lad-lane first," "Oh! well, hang it," said Peter, "it does not much signify; the office will be open I dare say when we come

out, and that will do." They accordingly went to the play, which kept them till twelve o'clock; they then went to eat a few oysters together, and by that time the office was shut up for the night. "Ah! well, never mind," thought Peter, "to-morrow morning will do." In the morning he sent at an early hour, and then every place was engaged, inside and out. "Well, I must wait another day," said Peter; "I dare say it will make no difference." But Peter found to his sorrow, that it made a great deal; for when he reached his uncle's house, he found the old gentleman had breathed his last just two hours before. "It is a pity you did not come as soon as you received my letter, sir," said the steward. shaking his head. "I am very sorry, very sorry indeed," returned Peter; " I intended it, I assure you, but could not get a place." "It would have paid you well to have taken a post-chaise, sir, for my master bequeathed you ten thousand pounds." "Generous old man!" exclaimed Peter; "then he had made his will?" "Yes, sir; and only altered it at twelve o'clock last night, when he found you did not come; and he said, if you had not sufficient respect for him while living to put yourself to a little trouble on his account, he would take care you should be nothing the better for his death." Peter was struck speechless with surprise and mortification; he cursed his own imbecility of mind, and returned to London with a miserably lengthened visage. Experience, nevertheless, has not yet corrected Peter of his lamentable error, which not only occasions him frequent and serious disappointments, but is the continual cause of inconvenience to his friends and all who have any dealings with him. Habits of punctuality and attention, if not acquired in early life, are difficult of attainment in maturer years; the delay of a day, an hour, nay even a minute, may be attended with consequences which will materially affect our future interests. Let me then seriously exhort my young readers to keep the maxim ever in mind, with which I began this paper, as they would wish to escape the ridicule attached to the character, and the disappointments which clouded the prospects, of Peter Procrastinate.

C. CANDID.

H

tie

re

an

cc

tat

mi

wr

hin

Ba

fon

det

inn

ing

cen

eve

try

joy stru mir

WHICH GIFT WAS THE BEST?

AN EASTERN TALE.

(Concluded from page 80.)

ONE day as Osmin was presenting a new poem to the Caliph, his rival, who had loudly applauded it, happening to cast his eyes down, saw one of the little pastils shining on the carpet, which Osmin, while he was declaiming, had heedlessly dropped. The traitor picked it up, and mechanically put it into his mouth. The pastil produced the usual effect; the poet felt himself suddenly inspired, quitted the hall of audience, and set about composing the projected satire. He was himself surprised at the fecundity of his imagination; but the verses cost him nothing, for they had come ready made. The most cutting expressions flowed from his pen, and in an instant, as may be said, he produced a chefdewive of malice and wickedness.

He remained in extasy for a few minutes before his work, and hastened with it to his accomplices. The satire was received with the most unbounded applause: it was the pure and vigorous style of Osmin; his hand-writing had been imitated, and the libel was soon spread abroad under his name.

Every one murmured loudly against the ingratitude of Osmin. The satire fell into the Caliph's hands, who, in his wrath, ordered all the wealth of Osmin to be confiscated; himself to be clothed in rags, and afterwards driven out of Bagdad with disgrace. Overwhelmed by the stroke which he found it impossible to ward off, he could not even find words to defend himself; and even if he could, how would the voice of innocence have been heard amidst a host of calumniators?

After having wandered long he knew not whither, imploring of every one compassion, relieved sometimes by beneficence, but oftener denied by selfishness, he arrived one evening, just as it was getting dark, before a superb country mansion splendidly illuminated. He heard the song of joy mingled with the sound of a number of musical instruments, and beheld every preparation for feasting and mirth. In the mean time the thunder rolled awfully at a

t

n

d

m

ıd

e.

r.

18

ıd

n-

ζS

0-

êТ

RY

ct

DE

ie-

le

ch

distance, and the sky, charged with dark clouds, threatened a continuance of the storm; the rain began to fall, and the ragged clothing of Osmin was soon wet through.

He approached the mansion in hopes of finding, if not an hospitable shelter for the night, at least an asylum for a few minutes. The slaves, seeing him, came up to him, and asked him harshly what he wanted. "Only a covering against the storm, a morsel of bread to keep me from starving, and a little straw whereon to rest my weary limbs." "You will get no such thing." "In pity hear me." "Go along." "See how it rains! hearken to the thunder." "Go somewhere else, and do not trouble the pleasures of our master by your presence."

Osmin was just going to obey this rigorous order, when the master of the house, who from his windows had witnessed the above scene, descended, called together his slaves, and commanded them to take in the unfortunate being, procure garments for him, a bed, and whatever else he might stand in need of. "Woe!" added he, "to that man, who can rejoice in the presence of the poor, and suffer him to implore in vain! Woe to the rich man, who, filled with the good things of this life, refuses a morsel of bread to his brother in distress! Poor traveller! go, repose yourself, and may our Prophet bestow on you that sweet sleep which shall cause you to lose, for a short time, the remembrance of your sorrows." "Heavens!" cried Osmin, "what voice is that which strikes my ear? It is the voice—the voice of Zambri!" "Zambri! do you then know him?" "Know him! gracious powers! know him! he is my brother!" "You, my brother," cried Zambri; "is it possible? That voice, those features changed by misery and sorrow-ah! but I know thee again-I have found thee again, my dear Osmin!" He was unable to utter more. He wished to embrace his brother; but Osmin overcome with excess of joy, fell at his feet in a swoon.

He was carried to the best apartment the house afforded; and every assistance being eagerly bestowed upon him, he was soon brought to himself. Zambri had him clothed magnificently, took him by the hand, and leading him to the festive hall, presented him to his numerous friends. After the repast was ended, Osmin related all the vicissitudes of fortune that he had experienced, his years of indigence, his

sudden glory, and the jealousy and perfidy of his enemies. "But," added he, "my dear Zambri, by what good luck do I find you in this brilliant situation? A splendid mansion, numerous slaves, sumptuous furniture; how came all these yours?" "By a receipt for making sherbet," said Zambri, with a smile; "listen to my story, you will find it simple enough. "Scarcely had we parted than I directed my steps towards

e

V

d

a

ll

e

e

11

n

d

d

e

in

0-

18

n-

ıd

II

at

08

es

-I

to

in

he

g-

of

15

"Scarcely had we parted than I directed my steps towards Teflis. I only sought to gain an humble livelihood; and at my arrival there I presented myself in one of those public places where the rich go to take ice and sherbet. I asked the master of the house to take me into his service, but he harshly drove me away: he was not the first man that closed his door against good fortune.

"I offered myself successively in several such kind of houses, and experienced the same rebuffs. Not knowing what would become of me, or how I should subsist, I, at last, entered one of those petty coffee-houses, only frequented by the lower classes; I asked for employment. The master of this shabby house was named Mehdad, and he accepted my services. I composed a bottle of the liquor for which the good genie had given me a receipt; but for which the ingredients, simple as they were, could not before be procured by me. The coffee-house of Mehdad now was every day crowded; the rich folks would drink no other sherbet than that composed at his house; and he soon became in a way that promised him much wealth.

"Mehdad had a daughter; she was beautiful, and I was young: I fell in love with her, and was bold enough to ask her in marriage of her father. Mehdad was ignorant that he owed all his good fortune to me; he rejected my offer with contempt, and turned me out of doors.

"I had gained some money in his service; and I made use of my savings to set up an establishment of my own in one of the public gardens of Teflis, on the smiling banks of the river Khur. I erected a little pavilion, and decorated it in a simple and elegant manner. There I sold my sherbet to all those who came to walk in the garden; and in a few days the coffee-house of Mehdad, and all the other coffee-houses were abandoned for my little pavilion. Nothing was talked of but Zambri's sherbet, and it was sent for whenever and wherever a great feast was given. My

garden was full of people from the rising to the going down of the sun; and I was obliged to build another pavilion ten times the size of the first.

"A year had scarcely elapsed before I found myself master of a considerable fortune. I gave up my new establishment, returned to town, and purchased merchandize of every kind. I composed a great quantity of this advantageous liquor to which I owed all my wealth, and sent it through every town of Persia, and to the most distant climes. Heaven seemed to smile on all my undertakings: a charming woman, aged about twenty, the widow of a rich merchant, took a fancy to me. I was not insensible to her attractions; we exchanged mutual protestations of love, and a bappy marriage has given felicity to every hour of my life.

"I now see, my dear Osmin, that to live quiet and happy, the most humble avocation, with industry, is safer, and more likely to succeed, than extraordinary talent: I have also found enemies, but I knew how to stop their mouths. My sherbet has been counterfeited, but that has only augmented my reputation; and I have seen in the world that it is much easier to please the sensuality of men, than to cater

for their understanding."

So spoke the good Zambri. The two brothers separated no more; and, thanks to Zambri's sherbet, they enjoyed every pleasure that opulence could bestow.

DR. BUSBY.

The doctor being asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments and the head mastership of Westminster School, through the dangerous reigns of Charles I. Oliver Cromwell, Charles II. and James I. replied in the following laconic manner—"The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys."

PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

own ten

ster ent,

ind.

very

WO-

took

we

nar-

рру,

nore

also

My

nted

it is

ater

ated

very

.

his

iool,

vell,

onic

go-

id I

No. III.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B.

THE subject of the following remarks has written much in that style that presents least attractions to the fashionable reader, in the plain, I might say coarse, language of nature. To tell a young lady of the present day that a poem has "Ruth" for the name of its heroine, and that her emotions are to be awakened by the sympathetic sorrows of a "Thomas," presents more of the burlesque than the pathetic; but this is Mr. Crabbe's school of poetry. He never seeks to attack our sensibility by the loftiness of his verse, but wisely "raises his argument rather than his voice." Dr. Johnson has justly said of Hudibras, that there was more thought in that and Milton's Paradise Lost, than any other poem he had ever read. This remark, in a minor degree, extends to the poetry of the subject of these strictures. His verse touches the heart by the natural communication of moral truths, pleasingly, not elegantly, expressed, and by ideas, if not absolutely new, put in a novel view, by the power of his His similes are ever illustrative of his subject, and carry conviction with them.

Those who read criticisms, as epicures take piquante food, merely to provoke an appetite, will be equally surprised and displeased that so many sentences have escaped without any general deprecation of the style, or execration of the immoralities of the poet. For the latter a sufficient reason may be found in his works; for the former I feel myself somewhat in the situation of poor Mahomet's coffin, attracted one way by the powers of the poet, yet equally attracted on the other hand, by the "taste of the times." In his tale of Sir Owen Dale, an injured husband thus describes the wretched pair who had bought the experience and reward of their delinquency:—

I did find them in the dungeon's gloom Of a small garret,—a precarious home, For that depended on the weekly pay, And they were sorely frighten'd on the day.

The roof unceil'd in patches gave the snow
Entrance within, and there were heaps below.
I pass'd a narrow region dark and cold,
The strait of stairs to that infectious hold,
And when I enter'd, misery met my view,
In every shape she wears, in every hue,
And the black icy blast across the dungeon flew,
There frown'd the rain'd walls that once were white,
There gleamed the panes that once admitted light,
There lay unsavory scraps of wretched food,
And there a measure void of fuel stood.

Now the lost pair whom better times had led To part disputing, shar'd their sorrow's bed— Their bed! I shudder as I speak; and shar'd Scraps to their hunger by the hungry spar'd.

And in this state—the wife I cannot name Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of shame.

Let the fastidious reader peruse this tale; guilt is here sunk to the level of its natural degradation. The vices of the seducer are not extenuated by the gloomy nobleness (bardiness more properly) of his sufferings; he is not drawn as a melancholy outcast, whom we pity for his misfortunes; but as an isolated miscreant, reaping the fruits of his pusillanimous perfidy. She, the partner of his crime, is not tricked out with those graces on which the disciples of a morbid sensibility hang, till they forget that the fading, interesting beauty, the graceful lost one, is—an adultress. It is, however, one thing to avoid the sophisms of the new school of poetry, and another to run into the opposite extreme. Crabbe is so anxious to avoid the extraneous ornaments of verse, that he often neglects the beauties; -like the noted publican, who thinking a man should not wear any useless clothing, never provided himself with a coat. A few puerilites creep into his pages, as-

> But Fanny sat not, no, she rather pray'd, That she might leave him, she was so afraid.

A pervertion of language too also occasionally occurs, as— Letters had passed, tho' he had nothing seen His careful father and my lord between.

Pray, Mr. Crabbe, why not let it be "between his father and my lord?"

Mr. Crabbe. Because lord won't rhyme with seen.

A very good reason for yourself, Mr. Crabbe, but none at all for your readers.

Lord Byron, whilst exercising his talent as a satirist in that volume of invective and virulence, called, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," has stepped from his Censorian chair to eulogize our poet:—

Yet truth sometimes will lend her noble fires, And decorate the verse herself inspires, This fact in virtue's name let Crabbe attest, Tho' nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

Praise from his lordship is praise indeed; it is so seldom he bestows it that it is like the extractions of gold from the coal-mine, hardly worth the trouble necessary to obtain it, and when gotten usually proving of an inferior quality; but in this instance, his lordship has spoken panegyrically, and yet justly.

The faults of Mr. Crabbe are purely those of style; in situations of a powerful nature, as in the tale of Sir Owen Dale, before alluded to, few are greater than himself, because he delineates with much strength and truth. But he is seldom capable of the delicate touches of feeling which are the tintings of poetry, such as—

I never lov'd a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

me.

here

es of

eness

rawn

unes;

silla-

icked

orbid

esting

vever,

is so

that,

never to his Who does not attest this with a sigh? but surely not of pain. In fact, he is a painter who gives strong outlines, accurate resemblances, and powerful expression, but is wanting in tints and chiaro scuro. He scarcely ever varies his metre; I believe the following is a solitary and beautiful instance—

Let me not have this gloomy view About my room, around my bed, But morning roses wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Impartial criticism must then allow, that nature and morality are the first features of Mr. Crabbe's poetry, and certainly the most essential, as without them every other ornament is but tinsel. There are few that can rise from the perusal of his "Tales," without having a stronger sense of the relative duties of life, and of the consequences attendant on vice and virtue. The tale of Colin and Jessy in the first series evinces a mind deeply read in the lore of human na-The principal character in it is, indeed, drawn from life, and the original is now living; but let it not be imagined from this that Mr. Crabbe is an ill-natured satirist, and enters the social circle like the mimic, to catch and report the frailties of his friends; by no means. In private life he is as amiable as his writings bespeak him, and where he has, as in the present instance, drawn from life, we feel that the enormity of the character well deserves such an exposure, and hope it may teach reformation to the original, when she thus beholds herself, in naked deformity; while those who are enabled to make the comparison, from an intimate knowledge both of the representation and the represented, must be struck with the truth and force with which it is drawn.

January 29th.

SOCRATES.

WHEN Socrates was urged by his friends to make his escape from prison, and thus avoid the sentence of death which had been unjustly passed upon him, he made only the following reply, "Where shall I fly to avoid this irrevocable doom passed on all mankind?" Nor was his reply to another friend, who was bitterly lamenting that he should die so perfectly innocent of offence, less remarkable. "Would you then," said he, "that I should die guilty?"

MARIAN MELFORT:

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

(Continued from page 85.)

7

n

e

ıt

st

1-

n

1-

t,

8-

fe

re

el

-

1,

n

h

1-

)-

ly

d

d

THE period appointed for my emancipation from a life of suffering was not so near as my gloomy forebodings had prognosticated: I was reserved to endure further, and, perhaps, severer trials. For a considerable time after my writing, what I then considered a farewell to the friend of my youth, who, though separated from me by the vast Atlantic, would I knew peruse my tale of sorrow with a sigh of commiscration, and, if possible, extend her sympathy to my bereft babes, I fluctuated betwixt life and death; at length my disease assumed a more favorable aspect; my strength and spirits were in a certain degree restored, and hope sprung up in my bosom; for where is the wretch who does not at times feel the invigorating solace of that dear, but delusive guest? Melfort encouraged the most favorable expectations from my amended looks. He had lately experienced the satisfaction of being highly applauded in the performance of a part which he undertook during the illness of the favorite actor who had heretofore exclusively engrossed the character, and the manager was so much and unexpectedly gratified, that he promised him a more advantageous engagement for the ensuing season. Our little girl too, then between four and five years of age, was wanted in the play of Pizarro then coming out, and a liberal gratuity was offered for her being suffered to appear as Cora's child. "So cheer up, my girl," cried the ever sanguine Melfort, "all is going on swimmingly, and if you do but get your own health again, we shall do well enough."

The night after the piece was performed, my husband returned in raptures; every thing had succeeded beyond their expectations. My little poppet had been caressed and admired, and loaded with presents; one of the actresses in particular had declared her a perfect cherub, and had begged Melfort to bring her to see her at her own house. "In-

deed, it will be a fine thing for Rosa," said Melfort, "if Mrs. --- takes her by the hand, for she lives in a firstrate style, and has no children of her own." I had heard of Mrs. - during my short season on the London boards, but we had never met, as she was at that time engaged at I knew she was a married woman, and separated from her husband; but I associated so little with any of the performers, that I was wholly ignorant of every other circumstance respecting her. A few days after this introductory conversation she thought proper to pay me a visit. Her appearance and manner were highly prepossessing, and her enthusiastic praises of my little darling irrisistibly engaged my warmest gratitude. I perceived that she was handsome, dignified, and elegant; but her personal attractions were of no consequence to me, her kindness in noticing my child, her affable condescension towards myself, and the easy friendliness of her conversation, charmed me, and readily consented to let her have as much of my Rosa's company as she desired. "I shall be a terrible monopolizer, I can assure you, Mrs. Melfort," said she, fondling the little girl at the same time, "and you must not grudge me the society of your little cherub-for excuse the liberty I take in remarking, that it is not at present in your power to allow her those indulgences, which, at her age, contribute to the health and growth of children; they require air, exercise, recreation, which she can fully enjoy under my roof. Forgive me," she added, observing the tears spring to my eyes, "I do not mean to wound your feelings; but I am aware that in your present delicate state of health, the exertion requisite for proper attention to such a child would be too much for you. So you may expect I shall put in my claim for a foster-mother's share of affection at least; but observe," she added, in a graver tone, "whenever you think I engross the pet too much you may send for her, and I will never detain her from your arms." How could I sufficiently express my thanks for such considerate kindness; I pressed the beautiful hand extended to me with the rapture of a gratified mother, and my tears alone spoke my feelings. Rosa was from that time a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. -; sometimes she was detained all night; then her

st-

rd

ds,

at

ed

of

er

-01

it.

nd

n-

33

C-

0-

If.

be

's

0-

he

ne

1

er

te

r-

f.

ıy

m

d

n

u

d

ſ-

I

C

3,

visit was protracted to a week, and by degrees I ceased to feel that acute anguish at being deprived of her which I had experienced at our first separation; but with the anxiety natural to a mother, I frequently importuned Melfort just to call, and bring me word how she was. His answers were always satisfactory, and so many little presents were sent nominally by Rosa for her mama, or little brother, that delicacy prevented the too frequent recurrence of my enquiries. I was now sufficiently recovered to take exercise abroad, and on those evenings when Melfort was not wanted at the theatre, I expressed my desire that he would accompany me in a walk; this he would generally do, but as soon as we returned, I was surprised to find that, instead of sitting down to supper as usual, he would pretend to recollect some particular engagement, and hurry away without informing me of its precise nature, or fixing any period for his return, which was usually protracted to a late hour. When I attempted to remonstrate, he only laughed at my earnestness, and sometimes, with a look of indignation, asked me, if I wished to keep him in leading strings. In short, I found, that the dawning of prosperity had an injurious effect upon the habits and temper of a man who had borne adversity with the equanimity of a philosopher. Still was I far from suspecting the real cause of a change so evident, and to me so afflicting, until chance revealed to me the fatal, the overwhelming truth.

One evening, when Melfort's engagement was only for the first piece, and I naturally looked for his return to tea; he came not at the usual hour. I waited patiently for some time, counting the minutes in all the perturbation of doubt and suspense. At length, weary of waiting, I hastily put on my things, and repaired to the theatre, where I enquired for my husband of the first person I considered likely to know whether he were in the house, and was assured that he had left it as soon as the play was over. While I was making this enquiry, a boy came up, who overhearing what passed, said, "If you want Mr. Melfort, I will run and call him; I know where he is." "I will thank you to inform him, that I am waiting for him, if he is in the house," said I, reasssured by his information. "Oh! no," replied the boy as if recollect-

ing himself, "he is not here; I made a mistake;" and he looked at the person I had first addressed myself to with an air of irresolution, which the other observing, said, hastily, "Get along, sirrah, and learn better manners than to put in your word, when it is not required." The boy then slunk away, muttering as he went, "I know what I know though." "Then you cannot inform me where Mr. Melfort is?" I said. again addressing myself to the box-keeper. "Not to a certainty," he replied; "but I think he went away at the same time that Mrs. - did." There was a something so peculiar in his air and tone as he made this simple reply, that a sudden revolution was effected in my sentiments, and I could scarcely articulate a composed "good night," as I quitted the house. Hurried on by the impulse of the moment, I stopped not till I came opposite the house where Mrs. -resided; a thousand agitating thoughts crowded on my mind as I softly ascended the steps, and was preparing to raise the knocker, when I recollected what a strange appearance it would have if I appeared at such an hour uninvited, unexpected, perhaps in the midst of a party. "Yet surely," I thought, "Melfort might have told me of it. Perhaps he knew it not-perhaps he is not here." Still I deliberated, and paced anxiously up and down. There was a light in the parlour; the evening was warm, and the shutters partially open; I climbed close to the railing, and at length ascertained that there were but two persons in the room, a gentleman and a lady; but as the former was placed with his back towards me, I could not be certain that it was Melfort; but suspicion once awakened is not easily hushed to rest, and I determined not to quit the spot unsatisfied. The watchman now cried the hour; it was eleven, and a sudden alarm in the street drew the persons I had been watching to the window. I retreated to avoid observation; but by the light of the door-lamp, I could plainly distinguish the features of my husband. In a few minutes all was quiet; they quitted the window, and the shutters were closed.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

IRAD AND ADAH.

THE publication of "Cain, a Mystery," by Lord Byron, seems to have inspired his contemporaries with an uncommon itching to dramatise and represent antedeluvian scenes and characters. Mr. Lindsay has published some dramas of the old world, and "Irad and Adah, a tale of the Flood," is now before us. We confess we do not see any great good in this species of writing, even where there is not the positive evil to be found in the noble author's Cain. The materials whence any information can be drawn are so extremely scanty, that nearly all rests on conjecture, or must be in opposition to the authentic records of the Bible. The story of Irad and Adah is of the former of these two classes; it certainly does not invalidate the inspired records-on the contrary, the account it gives of the antedeluvian world seems justified by the biblical narrative. The race of Cain are represented as worshipping the whole host of Heaven, particularly the Sun. Irad, one of this race, endued with every personal charm, but laden with the guilt of murder, feeling the curse of Cain upon himself, flies from his kindred, and wandering to the mountains, encounters and fall in love with Adah, a daughter of the race of Seth. In giving utterance to his love-tale, he confesses his guilt, notwithstanding which, Adah accepts his love, and departs from the worship of her The poetry of this first part is beautiful, and very frequently very powerful: take for example Irad's description of his feelings after he has slain his brother, at the 25th page-

Becoming thus a second Cain,

His curse fell on me, and I fled

Far from the spot, but fled in vain;

A flame still burns within my brain

As when upon the reeking dead

My first wild glance was rivetted.

VOL. XV .- 8. 1.

n

in

d,

T-

ıė

12-

at

1

d

I

d

e

n-

I

d,

n

r-

h

a

h

18

d

1.

a

n

1-||

e

Though native pride and high disdain Forbade my stubborn soul to weep With nought of vengeance but its pain, And all of madness, but its sleep.

E'en when I sought the desart lair. To shroud me from mine own despair. The wildest monsters of the wood Forgot their thirst for human blood, And howling fled in strange dismay A fiend more foul more fierce than they. I was the common scorn and hate. Abhorr'd of all and desolate; None came the den of misery nigh With words or looks of sympathy; Nay, at my very sight men fled, For I was mad, the cowards said; And mad I was, if madness be To crouch beneath the withering weight Of hopeless, cureless, agony; To curse the lingering arm of Fate, And strive in vain desire, to clasp The death that courts, yet mocks the grasp. And thus for equal crimes, I bore The curse dark Cain endur'd before; Like him, from year to year I pin'd A wandering outcast from my kind, The slave of some mysterious spell, A being not of earth or hell :-Where'er I rov'd, by night, by day, It was as if th' All-seeing eye Shone fierce upon me from on high; Till from its bright and blasting ray I sought the wood-the wild-the wave, I sought-but could not find the grave.

This is very much in the style of Lord Byron; we think it as powerful as the noble lord's description of similar feelings of guilt and misery, and hitherto we have found his lordship unequalled in horrid imagery. Mr. Dale improves on his model by superadding to forcible language the charm of piety; we read Irad and Adah without one drawback

to our pleasure, because in it no serpent lurked in our The guilty pair share in the rites of the worship of the Sun; in the midst of these rites, Noah enters in the character of a prophetic "preacher of righteousness;" his preaching is vain, though the presence of one innocent and upright man among them produces a momentary silence and awe throughout the assembly. Having uttered his prophetic denunciation, as the seer turns to depart, the worshippers of the Sun deride him, some even attempt to slay, but protected by the Highest, after a second warning, Noah leaves the wicked to their fate. They again attempt to sacrifice to the Sun; but their musical instruments fail, their voices die away, and the triumph ends in despair. the work of destruction begins-this is touched with a masterly hand-some of the groupes are admirable. Irad and Adah are the last that perish. A guilty mother and her innocent babe are powerfully described; a wedded pair too are beautifully pourtrayed. We have not room to extract these two descriptions; but must hasten to the hero and heroine of our tale, who now survive alone. Irad has borne her from one steep to another as the waters gained on them; she has been in a state of exhaustion for some time; but we will not weaken by anticipating Mr. Dale here-

Hush'd as in sleep, on Irad's breast, A sleep too still for mortal rest, Mute, motionless, his Adah lay, As soul and sense had pass'd away.-Yet, oh! the rayless eye may close-The brow, with keenest pangs comprest, Unbend, as if in calm repose-While yet within the conscious breast There lives a struggling sickening thrill, When all without seems soothed and still, To meet-yet not return the grasp Of friendship with responsive clasp; To pass unmarked the patient sigh Of meek affection's sympathy; Without one fond consoling token, To leave the best belov'd heart-broken; Without a farewell sign to die-Oh! this, indeed, is misery! one de como en la circum

He kiss'd her cheek—that cheek was deadly cold, He clasp'd her hand—it stiffen'd in his hold— He shriek'd her name in desperate agony— The roaring billows only rav'd reply.

Irad's death follows; Adah's love, strong in death, does not divide them; though maddened with guilt and remorse he sinks into the floods with his beloved still in his arms. The progress and decline of the waters is well depicted; the ark is now seen floating in safety 'mid the general ruin—we give the passage—

Survey yon world of waters: a faint speck
Seems on th' horizon's farthest verge to lie,
Lone, as 'mid ocean some deserted wreck,
Dim as the first small star that beams on high,
Or the swift eagle lessening into sky—
'Tis yet a thing to gaze on 'mid the scene,
A resting point where all is vacancy—
It is the wreck of worlds that once have been—
The germ of latent life—the pledge of years serene.

In this brief survey of Irad and Adah, we fear we cannot do full justice to Mr. Dale's talents, which we rate very highly. In the subject he has chosen it was not possible, consistently with the pure morality of Mr. D. to make an interesting story; he has done for it all he could. We should call this a very fine poem; in many of its sentiments and descriptions, sublime; in all, elevated—the language is nervous, and the measure one we greatly admire on solemn subjects.

The occasional poems which follow this tale of the flood, bear the same stamp; piety and poetry are happily combined.

Mr. Dale gives us at the end of his volume some specimens of a projected translation of the Psalms; these are very well done; but we do not quite understand the use to which it is intended to apply them. We should be glad to see a better version of these sacred songs in use in our churches, but the specimens Mr. Dale has afforded would not go to the common tunes. These tunes have grown up with us, we are attached to them, and many of them are so identified with the plasms to which they belong, that, in the vulgar at least, any innovation would excite distrust; for singing, as it is usually practised in our churches, we do not

think Mr. Dale's translation at all adapted. If then it be proposed that these new psalms should be adopted to be read in our churches, our objection is still stronger; we prefer the simplicity of our present translation for this purpose; the very obsoleteness of the phraseology in some parts agrees with the holy character of the inspired volume; and obsolete as it is, our father's used it, and we have grown up to reverence it. Mr. Dale's version is in important points to the same effect; but we can quote the very words of the Psalms as forming a part of that Bible which we have been taught to regard as an inspired work-we are strangers to Mr. Dale's Psalms. In merely human works, we expect, nay we hope, for change; but in the Sacred Chronicles let us beware how we take from them that character of immutability, which must always belong to that Being whose praises the Psalms of David, the man after God's own heart, were meant to celebrate.

PRUDENCE AND PRINCIPLE: a Tale, by the Author of "Rachel," and "The Authoress." pp. 213. Taylor and Hessey, 1821.

We are instinctively prepared to receive with candor and indulgence every design which seeks to increase the sum of human happiness, by the inculcation of those sound principles of morality, which alone conduce either to honor or felicity. With this favorable predisposition towards the labours of the Christian moralist we are often, we confess, blinded to the faults of the author, or disposed to regard his errors and failings as a writer, as matter of very trivial importance. As men, this may be on our part, an amiable fault; -but as citizens of the republic of letters, we are disposed to consider that we greatly offend against the welfare and interests of the community by this indulgence. Whether also the unlimited number of works which are thus tolerated, does not distract rather than inform the mind; and whether the domestic and relative duties of life are not in danger of deterioration, injuring the neglect by the many who are thus drawn away from the discharge of more active, and perhaps more necessary and incumbent engagements in their families by the bewitching seductions of authorship, we believe to be far from a doubtful question. To the amiable writer before us, however, we confess these observations do not apply. Her talents, though not equal to those of her female predecessors-More, Hamilton, and Edgeworth, are yet too respectable to require the exercise on our part of any indulgence or partiality in judging of her merits as a writer, We think she has very fairly stated the question as to the conduct to which either Principle or Prudence exclusively followed would lead; and very properly shewn that any one virtue pushed to an extreme thereby becomes a vice; and that the full benefit and fruit of virtue itself can only be expected when each individual grace, retaining its proper place and proper portion of influence, unitedly combine to shed its radiance and its loveliness over the character of man. The tale itself, independent of the moral which it conveys, is by no means uninteresting; and there is a conformity to truth and nature in the delineation of the respective characters, and in the circumstances of the parrative that bespeaks a sober and discriminating judgment, We, however, feel that there is an abruptness in the manner of its termination, which leaves the mind sensibly disappointed. Of the destiny of Henry Rayworth and Ellen, we are led to form conjectures, the accuracy of which, we have no means of ascertaining: of Phoebe Richards also, we are most anxious to know more; and the tale, unfortunately terminates at that period of her history, which leaves a most unfavorable impression of her character, conduct, and principles, on the mind. On the whole, however, we rise gratified by a perusal of the work before us, which certainly has the merit of conveying many useful lessons of practical life and conduct, under the fascinating garb of an interesting narrative; in which the incidents supply the moral most naturally; and in which nature, probability, and daily experience, have not been transgressed.

The writer is one of a family of authors, whose united labours have contributed both to the pleasure and instruction of the rising generation, and of our domestics, in no ordinary degree; yet, might we advise her, we would suggest that the revision of some judicious friend would render her works more unexceptionable than they already are. We have noticed some, if not ungrammatical, yet inelegant expressions, and some awkward involved sentences, which a little care might have avoided.—The last line of page 111, contains expressions, whose meaning is indeed sufficiently obvious and forcible, but far from that purity and propriety of diction which we admire.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, FOR FEBRUARY, 1822.

re

13

r. ned

ed

fit

li-

of

li-

nt

g;

on

he

nt.

er

ed.

to

of

to

e-90

on

On

rk

ny

at-

nts

ba-

la-

ion

ary

the

ore

ced

me

ave

ns.

but

e.

THE Houses of Parliament were opened in person by His Most Gracious Majesty on the fifth of last month, attended by the usual procession and ceremonies, with somewhat more of splendour than on the former occasions. The speech, which was delivered by the King in a firm and manly tone, congratulated his subjects on the friendly disposition of the foreign powers towards this nation, and the improvement in manufacture and commerce that had taken place. The attention of Parliament was particularly directed towards the depressed state of the Agricultural interest in this country, and the melancholy posture of affairs in the sister kingdom. His Majesty was dressed in a superb suit of white satin richly embroidered. and of an antique costume; he looked rather pale, which may with reason be attributed to a slight attack of the gout, which principally affected the right hand, and confined him for a few days after his return to Brighton, whither he returned, after dispatching the usual routine of affairs; but we are happy to hear he is now in the enjoyment of excellent health, and avails himself of the fine and temperate weather of taking the air in his landau round the environs of the town. The beautiful Arabian horse, which formerly belonged to the late Ex-emperor of France, and was led as an appendage to his funeral procession. has been recently added to his Majesty's stud. No movements of any importance have fallen within our notice to record of any other members of the Royal Family, except that her Highness the Princess Sophia has disposed of her elegant mansion at the corner of Connaught-place, and removed into a suite of apartments granted her by His Majesty, into Kensington-palace. His Majesty has recently purchased the whole of the land formerly held on lease from Wm. Selwyn, Esq. comprising the greater part of Kew-gardens, including that on which the Pagoda stands. His Majesty has also began to enclose that part of Kew-green ceded to him by the inhabitants which lays contiguous to the mansion he purchased of Mr. Hunter; this gives much satisfaction, as affording pleasing

hopes that the royal gardens of Richmond and Kew will be restored to the public in all their pristine beauty.

From the dearth of any domestic news of interest during the last mouth we are induced to give the following calculation a place in the Epitome of our Museum, as it may be valuable in large families or establishments, where the means of supporting nature is required to be adopted at the least possible expence, consistent with health and domestic comfort. This interesting report was presented at the close of last year to the French minister of the interior, by Messrs. Percy and Vacque. his two members of the Royal Institute. at Paris, on the comparative nutritious properties of food. The result of the experiments of these gentlemen are:-In bread every hundred weight is proved to contain eighty pounds of nutritious matter: and butchers' meat, averaging the various sorts, only thirty-five pounds in the hundred; French-beans (in the grain) ninety-two pounds in the hundred; broad-beans, eighty-nine; pease, ninetythree; and lentils (a kind of half pease little known in this country), at least ninety-four pounds in the hundred weight: greens and turnips, (the most aquæous of all vegetable substances used in domestic cookery) furnish only eight pounds of solid nutriment out of the hundred; and carrots, but fourteen; what is the most remarkable, as it is in direct opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, is, that one hundred pounds of potatoes only yield twenty-five of real nourishment; one pound of the best bread is esteemed equal to three pounds of potatoes, and one pound of the latter is equal to three of turnips or four of greens; but one pound of rice, or bean, or pea-flour is equal to three pounds of potatoes, and three quarters of a pound of bread and five ounces of meat is more nourishing than three pounds of potatoes to the human frame.

Foreign Affairs.—The Paris papers latterly arrived are very unimportant; the discussion of the law for imposing restrictions on the periodical press so long argued in the Council of Deputies has closed, and thus far it has passed with all its disputed provisions. Accounts from Madrid, received by way of Paris, state that extraordinary debates on the means of pacifying Spanish America, now occupy the Cortes. Seville is again in a state of open insurrection, and it appears to be the intention of government to treat the revolters on this occasion with great severity. The environs of Burgos are represented to be in a

state of great fermentation, and the magistrates of that city have intercepted 40,000 reals in new gold coin, which were brought in a fiacre from Madrid, for the purpose of being distributed among the insurgents. Numerous patroles traverse the streets day and night at Madrid; the centinels are doubled, and strong picquets occupy the principal avenues of the squares; in short, the city has assumed an imposing aspect, to which probably, the small degree of apparent tranquillity which is now enjoyed, may be attributed. According to the Hamburgh papers, no change has taken place in the affairs between Russia and the Porte, and opinions are much divided as to the final result between the contending parties.

ng

on

le

ple

iis

he

10,

n-

X-

ed

r;

ve

VO

y-

nis

it;

b-

of

n;

he

of

nd

28,

ur

ial

of

ee

ry

ns

e-

ed

is,

ng

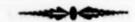
in

on

at

We learn from a correspondent at Rome, that a great number of English are in that city, among whom is his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburgh, who lately arrived there, apparently in excellent health; but the most interesting topic of conversation arises from Osman Aga, a Turkish grandec, also an inhabitant of the holy city at this time. He was chief officer to the Viceroy of Egypt, but, disgusted with the dogmas of the Koran, and conceiving a love for Christianity, he quitted the Mahomedan country abruptly, and in a vessel of his own came to Civita Vecchia at the latter end of December, accompanied by nine domestics, four of whom are the finest blacks ever seen. On the Corse, the grand attraction is, this illustrious individual and his suite; he has brought a considerable treasure with him, that enables him to vie with the richest of the Romans; he is mostly attended by all his servants, black and white, habited in superb dresses. The female world manifest an eager curiosity to behold Osman Aga: he is a fine looking man, about forty, and has the air and deportment of a prince, softened by a very gallant and courteous air to the la-He has passed some time in the Monastery of the Parc Conventicles at Rome, to receive religious instruction, and has lately received public baptism with great ceremony, at the church of the Twelve Apostles. His sponsors were the Duchess of Lucca, and her son, the infant Don Charles Louis. convert received the names of his godfather, to which were added Hercule Joseph Marie. The Cardinal Gallifinii, Bishop of Albano, administered the sacrament, It is understood, that all his retinue are to be publicly baptized on Easter Sunday.

By advices received from Charlestown at Havannah, it appears that Vera Cruz finally surrendered itself to the Independent or Imperial forces on the night of the 26th of October. General Duvilla being left without support in the Castle of Juan De Olloa, was compelled to make an unconditional surrender; his opponents agreeing to bury all past differences and offences in oblivion. An address has been published by the Independents of Vera Cruz to the people, calling on them to submit with cheerfulness to this new order of things; thus, the revolution of Mexico is completely effected, for the rest of the country has long since embraced independence.



THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

On the 16th of the month a new ballet was introduced, which met with a most flattering reception, and was honored by the presence of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Fedora. It is derived from the Parisian stage, where it has been pre-eminently successful. It is named "Le Page de la Duc de Vendome." The plot is the vehicle to introduce some excellent dances, and consists in the stratagems of the Page Albert to gain a young lady of family and fortune, Eliza, whose guardians oppose the meditated union. In these he is assisted by the rest of the Duke's pages, who, with himself, are twelve in number; their costume is very fanciful and striking. Mademoiselle Anatole made a most interesting heroine, and appears well worth the pains taken to obtain her.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW drama, entitled by the managers a pathetic one, has been brought out at this theatre. It is a translation from the French of M. Pixevescourt, called "Adeline; or,

The Victim of Seduction." The simplicity of its announcement did not excite much interest; but it was most favorably received, and has been several times repeated.

6-

er.

of

ar-

ces

by

em

118,

of

nich by

Cent sian

med

nicle

tra-

mily

ated

ke's

C08-

nade

ains

one.

ation

; or,

"Love in humble Life," a pleasing sketch of the comic order, also from the French, has made its appearance on these boards, with all the peculiarities of that school to recommend it. Its story, as may be prejudged by its title, is simple; but it possesses some interest, and abounds with brisk dialogue and sparkling humor. Miss S. Booth was the successful heroine of this petite piece, which was well received. It has, however, defects: the language in some parts is too broad; and the preference given to a rude clown by the heroine, over a brave and worthy soldier who addresses her, is out of the rules of dramatic keeping.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE promised opera of "Montrose, or, The Children of the Mist," has at length made its appearance at this house. As "The Legend of Montrose," from whence the operation spectacle is taken (and in our opinion the weakest of the great author's works) is made up of mystic, improbable, and horrid events, this renders it a difficult task to the dramatist to preserve its identity, and at the same time to free himself from the cumbrous mass with which he feels himself surrounded; but with such a drawback, we must do him the justice to acknowledge, that in the construction of the opera he has made a good use of the materials afforded him. scenery is beautiful, and the managers appear to have depended much on its attraction, joined to the imposing effect of Astley's well-caparisoned cavalry, which is here brought into action. Some of the parts are well cast, particularly Liston as the eccentric cavalier Captain Dugald Dalgetty; and Taylor as the Highland Donald, rendered otherwise an inconspicuous personage in the opera interesting by his just conception. The discovery of Sir Duncan Campbell's daughter in Annette Lyle is faithfully preserved. Miss Stephens, exactly dressed in the manner described in the romance, performed the part with consistent simplicity. Indeed, the fate of the piece as an opera, depends much on the musical powers of this lady, who is in excellent voice, and nightly executes the airs with her accustomed sweetness. She was rapturously encored in the Scotch airs, "O we're a' noddin," and "Charlie is my Darling." The old national airs appeared to give great satisfaction to the audience, and with none were they more delighted than the song and chorus of "Green grow the rushes O," by Durusset, Liston, and Taylor, which was well arranged, and twice sung with effect. The music is the joint production of Messrs, Bishop, Watson, and Ware: and the former gentleman composed the overture, which displayed considerable science, and was well received. The first chorus "Spirit, Father, hear our cry," was beautiful, and is a powerful and scientific composition of Mr. Watson. On the whole, though we are sorry to see gorgeous spectacle and the spirit of romance take the place of tragedy, comedy, and even legitimate opera, we pronounce, that the "Children of the Mist" will receive the fostering patronage of the public, and attract full houses, but not to that extent that honored "Rob Roy," and "Guy Mannering;" for neither "The Legend of Montrose," nor its drama, has the intrinsic merit of those favorites, either for the closet or the stage; yet it has been announced for repetition by Liston on each successive night of performance, with enthusiastic applause.

On Friday the 22nd of February, a new Oratorio was performed called "The Deluge," written by C. Dibdin, Esq. and composed by Mon. Bocsha. On the whole it is an ingenious production; but there is nothing particularly striking or pleasing in the airs. Some of the choruses are effective and possess a great deal of ingenuity. It was very favorably received by a numerous and respectable audience; but we do not think M. Bocsha will find it to his interest frequently to repeat it.

SURREY THEATRE.

"THE Pirate," and "Sir Arthur, the Irish Chieftain," pursue their bold career every night with undiminished success, and continue to attract crowded houses.—A new melo-dama is, however, on the eve of being brought out. Benefits have commenced, and the house will close previous to Easter.

18 30 30

oerand enior and redo

purcess, ama



Tashionable Opera & Evening Drefses for March. Invented by Mils Vierpoint, Edward Short Vortman Square.

Pab. March 1.1822, by Down & Munday, Threadnesdie Street.

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MARCH, 1822.

OPERA DRESS.

An India muslin dress over a white satin slip; embroidered round the border with a deep flounce of Urling's patent lace, headed by a wadded rouleau of white satin; pale-colored corsage of spotted velvet, ornamented with satin trimmings of a lozenge shape. The plaits of the skirt thrown quite behind in small folds. An opera-cloak of white cachmire, with an Oriental variegated border in the shawl pattern, half way up the cloak, and terminating round the edge and hood with a running pattern of the same. A white satin hat, turned up on each side, and bent over the forehead, and crowned by a plume of white curled feathers; with this hat is worn a lace mob-cap, and the hair in full curls.

EVENING DRESS.

Composed of a black figured tulle, worn over a white satin slip, trimmed round the border with a deep scolloped trimming, composed of satin folds, and fastened in the middle by narrow bands, or rather cords of satin; the same to correspond round the edge: the body of satin, made with the lower part tight to the shape; the back plain and very narrow at the bottom, and fastened with a polished steel clasp. The sleeve is of the same material, made very full, the fulness confined by a narrower trimming to correspond with the skirt of the dress. Head dress en cheveax, but the hair rather less divided on the forehead than it has recently been among the youthful part of our élégantes.

Shoes of white satin; gloves, damask kid; ornaments of mother-of-pearl.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss Pierpoint, of 12, Edward-street, Portman-square, the inventress of the Corset à la Grecque.

VOL. XV .- S. I.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE most fashionable out-door costume consists of a beautiful olive-green sarsnet, trimmed all round with Neapolitan flutings of the same material, each fluting headed by a military button of exquisite workmanship. This pelisse has a double pelerine cape, with correspondent trimming, and a standing collar. The sleeves are ornamented at the wrist by two rows of flutings, but much narrower than those round With this elegant out-door pelisse should be the pelisse. worn a bonnet of velvet of the same color, lined with white satin, and crowned with a long, round, and beautifully curled white feather. A pelisse of cachmire, trimmed with Amaranthine satin, is next in estimation; with the exception of these two, there is little novelty in the article of pelisses or spencers to be expected until the season is more advanced.

A carriage bonnet of white satin is the favorite; it is trimmed at the edge with that beautiful gossamer plumage, called Cupid's wings. About the crown are placed some short gossamer feathers, surrounded with white satin points, each of which is terminated by a tassel of polished steel beads, diamond-set. A carriage visiting hat is also very elegant; it is of a pearl-colored satin, lined with embroidered gauze of the same color, and is ornamented with chain moss, and fancy trimming. This hat flies off the face, and is crowned with a small plume of uncurled feathers. Black satin bonnets are most prevalent for walking, with very full plumes of black feathers; a puce-colored velvet bonnet, with very small black sprigs, lined with blue quilted satin, and crowned with black feathers, is also much admired for the promenade.

We have seen a very beautiful gown of poplin with satin stripes, and one single Neapolitan fluted flounce; the fan flutings are of Amaranthine satin, with which the bust and slort sleeves are also trimmed.

A beautiful ball-dress, composed entirely of Urling's patent lace, with an emerald green satin corsage, is likely to be much in favor on account of its chaste elegance; the short sleeves of this corsage are ornamented in a novel style, with straps formed of alternate plaits of white and green satin; at the termination of the stomacher is a point, from

whence an antique curved ornament turns back on each side.

n

a

t

ì

Ĉ

f

The home head-dress consists of a cornette of Urling's patent lace, with a half wreath of damask roses, or a dishabille cap of blond and net, with very broad border, crowned with a half wreath of rich, dark colored flowers, intermingled with sprigs of the Portuguese laurel. The cornette for receiving dinner parties, is of fine net, blond, and white satin, with a full wreath of damask roses and ears of corn. Another home cornette is made entirely of blond, with net and satin formed into an ornamental wreath of foliage. The Iberian turban toque is a beautiful head-dress for the evening costumes of young ladies; it forms an open turban, and is of pink striped gauze and satin; it is elegantly ornmented with beads of polished steel, and where the hair is generally discovered on the head with these demi-turbans, the space is filled up with a splendid bouquet of full-bloom roses. The favorite colors are-pink, violet, amaranth, and bright olive green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE pelisse is still the prevailing promenade dress; it is generally composed of spotted velvet, or mock velvet: the facings of the skirt are cut in bias, and fastened together with bows of broad satin riband; the first knot is at the waist, and the last quite at the bottom. The new pelisses are made so long, that even the trimming at the bottom of the dress is completely concealed. The backs of some of the silk pelisses are composed of velvet, made quite plain; the collars are cut to stand up; and they fall over a little with a round. Pelisses for the carriage are of rose-colored satin, or black satin highly glazed. The spencers are of violet color, and ornamented down the seams with broad braiding, and lined with sarsnet.

The bonnets are generally velvet, both black and colored, with gold cordons and bands and white ostrich feathers or marabouts. Although the bonnets are nearly all tied with

broad lappets instead of strings, yet dress and carriage bonnets are fastened with rouleaux of blond, twisted round with rings of satin, the same color as the bonnet. Black satin bonnets for walking, are lined with rose-colored satin, and are tied down with a small half-handkerchief of the same color. Many bonnets for the promenade are of glazed black satin, and made quite plain, except an ornament of cock's feathers, which are very generally worn. Blonds are used for bonnet trimming; they are usually of blue or rose-color, and are placed at the edges of carriage-bonnets.

A dress for evening parties is of Indian crape; the top of the corsage forms a complete oval, and is trimmed with rouleaux of satin, at equal distances, and these appear fixed to the dress by four ornaments of foil; one in front of the bust, one on each shoulder, and the fourth on the middle of the back. The corsage sits tight to the shape, and is laced behind. At the border of the skirt are three rouleaux, larger than those on the corsage; these are confined by ornaments of foil, set on about a foot distant from each other; the sash is of satin riband, tied on one side in front, with ends terminated by silver fringe.

For half-dress, colored gowns of lapis lasali are much in favor; they are made of gros d'Autumne, with full short sleeves and plaited boddice: these plaits proceed from a drapery that commences at the hollow of the shoulder, and the drapery terminates just below the bust: the boddice is cut square in the back, and displays the neck rather more than was the fashion last month. High dresses, with long sleeves, are buttoned both behind and before. Many of them are made with hoods, like a cloak. Ball-dresses are generally trimmed with bouquets of flowers, and ears of corn, with much foil; the draperies of the corsages are fastened with clasps of silver foil.

THE

nth

in id ie

k's d

P h

16

of d

r

15

h

-

1-

t

e

e

APOLLONIAN WREATH.



EXTRACT

FROM "THE PARSON'S CHOICE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF " RELIGIO CLERICI."

(Concluded from page 114.)

But there are spots in which what little cost The Pastor's hand can proffer is not lost; Spots where not all the seed his care has thrown Is trodden, choaked, or wither'd as 'tis sown. Where Sabbath bells with sweet and mellow fall, The willing dwellers of the hamlet call, And youth and age, and all who sojourn there, Bend as one family their hearts in pray'r; And in the appointed shepherd of their fold Each seems a common parent to behold, There's not a heart within his little reign But bears to him its pleasure or its pain: His lips sweet counsel minister, and give Life to the word by which alone we live; Touch every secret spring that moves the soul, Confirm, dissuade, soothe, animate, controul; Turn from its bed the torrent rush of woes, And gently stem the joy which overflows.

On some bright morning, when the golden sun
A three hours' course above the hills has run;
And oped those eyes which dare not wish for morn,
And yet, not wishing, fain would have it dawn;
The village bride, her cheek with blushes spread,
Forth in reluctant willingness is led.
Before her path her virgin fellows strew
Fresh gather'd buds of many-meaning hue;

For love, the rose; the lily's spotless white For innocence; the goldcup, for delight; For truth, the flower that bids us " not forget;" For maiden modesty, the violet. Anon a jocund troop in gallant trim, Merry at heart, and light and lithe of limb, Comes dancing forward to the measur'd sound Of pipe and tabor, footing its gay round; And one most joyous 'mid the brother band, With ribands on his hat, and garlands in his hand. Then to the solemn rite the priest proceeds, And feels a father's pleasure while he reads; Joins hand in hand as heart is join'd in heart, And takes their mutual pledge, "till death doth part." And as his lips the enamoured couple bless, Fain would his eyes the starting tears suppress; Tears not of sorrow, for the good man smiled, And his heart whisper'd-" Each is as my child."

Or when the lessening year declines away, Slow dawns the sun, and early sinks the day; When the dank gales of Autumn, subtle thief, Pilfer the widow'd branches leaf by leaf; Which point the poet's moral as they fly, Man in his generation so must die; Another rite, perhaps, demands his care, The last sad offices a friend can share; Some grey-hair'd friend whom, ripen'd for his crown, Time has not pluck'd, but gently shaken down. Beneath the church-yard's venerable shade, Hard by the yew, a decent grave is made; And round the patriarch's hearse in mourning band, Sons and their sons, and kinsmen's kinsmen stand; Next many an old acquaintance; in the rear Idlers, and gossips, not unmov'd, appear; E'en strangers pause a moment as they pass, And turn to moralize, " All flesh is grass!" There childhood comes to wonder at the show, And age to mark where soon itself must go, Till, as the holy man with lifted eyes, Tells how the dead incorruptible rise, Of life and immortality, and how Their brother, as they hope, reposes now; Sorrow and mourning flee away, and pain, And of their loss they think not, but his gain.

LINES.

You are silent, alas! and I know not why; And I call on your name, and get no reply; And I breathe it oft in the midnight hour, When the song is mute in the hall and bow'r; When silence is over the land and the sea, Oh! then my own love, do I think upon thee.

Oh! yes, in the dawn of my early youth, I lov'd you with pureness and maiden truth; And I love you still, though you're silent now, And think not of me, and forget your vow; And forget how oft in the hour of night, When the skies were blue and the stars were bright, You clasp'd my hand, and have sworn to be Constant, and faithful, and true to me, And now I may wander alone by the stream, That dances so gaily beneath the warm beam Of the sun as often he throws o'er its tide The roscate blush of a youthful bride. I may wander alone over mountain and lea, For you are not beside me, nor ever will be; You are far, far away in a distant land, And many are courting your vows and your hand, And the beautiful forms will meet your eye, Of the dark-hair'd daughters of Italy. And gentle and fair will those young maidens be, But, ah! will they love you with fondness like me? And the skies will be bright and cooling the breeze, And richly the blossoms will hang on the trees; But, ah! say will those skies, although cloudless and blue, Or those trees, although lovely in shape and in hue, Be so sweet as the skies of our own native vale, Where the birch waves its green boughs beneath the pure gale, And where oft in our childhood we gather'd wild flow'rs, Which we twin'd into garlands to hang round our bow'rs? Ah! yet sweet o'er my soul, like a beautiful dream, Like a bright shadow flitting across a dark stream, Comes the thought of the past, but, alas! ne'er again Shall I wander with you over mountain or plain; For the days of our young love you remember no more, And you think not of me, nor the vale of Glenmore.

GENEVIEVE.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENT.

By T. B. G.

(Concluded from page 114.)

AGAIN the marble twain I sought,
And sought again to trace
The words upon the mural stone,
That bade me mourn the bold Sir John,
As last of all his race.

Regardant lay the couchant goat;
(I could have dreamt it breath'd)
On the short relics of a strain,
Which though defac'd with many a stain,
Around its gorge was wreath'd.

At last I left this goodly tomb,
This work of time and skill;
But, as I took my pensive way,
The bold Sir John and gentil Maye
To me seem'd present still.

Some furlougs from the sacred tower,
An embattled gate I found,
Adorn'd with shields and turrets short,
And entering there a spacious court,
Saw mouldering walls around.

No human being there was seen, No living thing but one, Clanking a chain of massy size, An aged goat in pensive guise Was wandering there alone.

He stepp'd methought with mournful state,
And as he shook the chain,
He seem'd to feel a sad delight,
As conscious of his feudal right
To this his old domain.

And yet 'twas chance that left the chain,
And left him thus alone;
For he, the hind that till'd the place,
Knew nothing of the knightly race,
Or the badge of bold Sir John.

" Poor wand'rer," thus my fancy said,
" Here many a distant day,
In honor of her warrior's crest,
Thy ancestors were once caress'd
By beauteous Lady Maye.

"Perchance, upon this turret top
That dame, with anxious mind,
Oft watch'd, as o'er the desert plain
The silver goat with wreathed chain,
Returning woo'd the wind;

Sole relic now of living things
Art thou within the gate,
Through which triumphant warriors rode,
Or issuing lady gaily trod,
With conscious charms elate.

But hence the lady's hope, and love,
And pride have pass'd away—
Extinct is now her warrior's line,
And thou, perchance, the last of thine,
Art left to slow decay.

"Yes, lowly lies her warrior's crest,
Her earthly charms are gone;
Time's hand has raz'd their bower so bright,
And lady gay, and gallant knight,
Are dust beneath a stone.

REVENGE .- A TALE.

BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

The rugged height was bare and wild,
And at its base the ocean beat,
O'er which the rising morning smil'd
In wintry lustre coldly sweet.
No verdure wove to meet that ray,
But barren was the mount and moor,
Where tempests held their sullen sway,
And wolves and vultures lurk'd secure.

'Twas Harold's home, an outcast wretch, He fled the busy haunts of man, Here his wild wasted form he'd stretch, And far the distant scene he'd scan. One scene that fix'd his wand'ring eye Though ocean's mists and morning's haze-One scene to which his heart beat high. From which he could not turn his gaze. For there was one whose soul was such, That where it was no ill could be, A tone that only breath'd to touch The heart like heav'n's minstrelsy; An eye, whose light was all too pure For any but an angel's sphere, A form too fragile to endure. The blasts that fortune scatters here. This dream of beauty Harold lov'd, This vision of celestial light; He only breathed as Ella mov'd, And where she mov'd not all was night. " Pale trembler on horison's verge, Wake not thy rosy beam again, Tis shining on the raging surge, To smile upon this breast of pain. Hide in dim cloulds that cold bright glare, Or go to gild her home of light, For me thou only clear'st the air, To bid it meet my blasted sight. There where those spires and hills arise, My step of hope and passion trod, And now, ah! is there in the skies No bolt to strike me to the sod-Transfix me to the sordid rocks, A breathless and insensate mass, Unmov'd by nature's wildest shocks, And breathing poison as they pass? Oh! rather be the bane reserv'd, Rank as my hate, to blast that one Who gain'd the mead that I deserv'd, And left me blighted and undone. Oh! Ella, now as wild I stray, Does ne'er a thought of thine pursue me, Still art thou lovely, bright, and gay, With him who basely could undo me?

Go to his arms, and may thy lip Be withered by thy baneful kiss, There may he burning poison sip, Where hope and passion promis'd bliss. Twine him with those soft arms of snow, Upon that balmy bosom hush him, Then, then with wild fires let them glow, And like the venom'd serpent crush him. Mock him with love that he may taste The dire reverse of being hated; Mad, curs'd, and canker'd, may he waste, And then revenge will scarce be sated. Ha! by the brand of death, 'tis he! Alone he meets my tiger spring. Oh, life! how sweet thy loss will be, When flitting on revenge's wing." They met-they grappled-and the hand Of Harold, nerv'd for mortal scathe, Rear'd high with fell intent the brand, "Blood! blood! for violated faith!" When shricking Ella rushed between, Received the blow that Harold dealt, Then sinking with a smile serene, She seemed to bless the pang she felt. Like a pure ray of heaven she'd flown, That parts the thunder clouds in vain, A moment 'mid their darkness shone, Then sought her native skies again. How cold, how white, was Harold's cheek, Where red revenge so lately burn'd! But with a laugh brief, wild, and weak, He to the victim husband turn'd. " Pale wretch! within that prostrate clay, Thou seek'st for life, for breath, in vain. The blow was sure, away! away! Now is she Harold's bride again. Go, go, her blood is on thy brow, Think it the parting pledge she gave. Avaunt! nor linger near her now, For Harold's ghost shall guard her grave." Then far within his breast of pride, He plunged the recking dagger deep, And prone he fell at Ella's side, In ghastly and eternal sleep.

SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

OF all the flow'rs that scent the air,
When Summer smiles so bright and fair,
The Rose is full of "fragrant pow'r"
To bless the soft and sunny hour:
Thus, my good sir, your first I name,
And much I wish to do the same
By your fair second. Though no fairy,
I guess the second to be MARY;
Then for your whole, there is no doubt,
That ROSEMARY will smell it out.

ELLEN,

Marriages.

Mr. Wm. Boyd, Jun. of Shamrock Lodge, Belfast, to Jane Magnay, daughter of the present Lord Mayor of London. Count St. Martin D'Aglie, Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sardinia, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Hon. C. Finch—The Earl of Becklive to Olivia, relict of the late Edward J. Dalton, esq.

Deaths.

On the 28th ult. the Very Rev. Thomas Kipling, Dean of Peterboro' D. D. After a severe illness, Sir B. B. H. Soane, Bart. of Heydon, Essex. Aged 19, at Argyle, Georgiana Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Col. Colebrook.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The Communications of Miss A. M. Porter,— J. M.—Mary Anne,—N.—G.—F. S—,—George,—O. P.—William,—The Nightingale,—Fair and softly,—Stanzas, by *,—***, Brighton,—Castle of Udino,—Blanche.—An old Friend,—J. M. L.—and Lines on an Infant.

Miss Porter is gratefully thanked for her communication, which is valued as it deserves to be.

We are always pleased to recognize the writing of N-.

We thank Z. for his suggeston, but cannot avail ourselves at present of it.

We cannot suppose W. W. is serious in his proposition, or we should beg leave to say something that might not altogether please him.

The M. S. of Loch Lomond Castle was returned some months since.

We must particularly request our regular Correspondents to forward their communications by the 16th of each month, or it is impossible for us to make those arrangements we are desirous of doing:

The following Essays have reached us—Elizabeth,—Hannah,—D L.—R. R.—Miss M. L. R.—Incognita,—S.—Juvenis,—O. N.—L, Windsor,—C. B. C.—Paternoster Row,—An Etonian,—Amanda,—A sister,—A Lover of the Sex,—Castigator,—and J. W——d.



her of te

ir e



Jointed by My N. I. Drienwood

Females to World the

Mils Edmisten

But April 1 1822 to Dan & Nomber Threadmostle Street.